

THE
FESTIVAL OF MIRTH,
CONSISTING OF
INTERESTING, MORAL, AND AMUSING
STORIES;
ORIGINAL, HISTORICAL, AND DIVERTING
ANECDOTES:

THE WHOLE FORMING
A Cheap, Pleasing, and instructive Companion.

Mirth, admit me of thy Crew.—COMUS.

“By blending utility with pleasure, the reader’s imagination may travel with facility, and be entertained on the journey.”

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PREFACE.

IN submitting to the world the following sheets, calculated chiefly for public amusement, few apologies are necessary, it being generally acknowledged, that works of this kind, if they cannot be classed in the first ranks of literary productions, are yet of great utility in quickening juvenile minds, giving a turn for repartee, and adding brilliancy to the talent of eloquence. This truth must be generally admitted, on observing, that though the merits of our learned predecessors, who have left behind them the most elaborate works of

science, are entitled to gratitude, we yet contemplate with a superior degree of admiration the lucubrations of those who unite pleasure with instruction.

Among the *moral* writers of his day, Swift is recognized but by few ; but he must be a complete cynic, who can read without applauding the enlivening effusions of the facetious dean of St. Patrick. There is a fascinating quality in wit, which, while it exhilarates the spirits with the poignancy of its humours, irresistibly attracts our esteem from the nature of that motive to which we impute the desire of creating a moment of general hilarity. A vein of pleasantry occasionally introduced, even in writings of serious tendency, is sometimes usefully adopted, to alleviate the

disagreeable lassitude acquired by poring too long over abstruse disquisitions, or themes of unentertaining morality.

It cannot therefore be denied, by the candid and dispassionate, that light and airy tracts of humour are entitled to some consideration in the literary world, at the same time they are liable to objections among the critics, from a want of originality. But if the difficulties peculiarly incident to the task of producing a collection of anecdotes, are carefully appropriated, they will be found equal to the labour of the most studied composition. To illustrate this truth, it is only necessary to suppose a man, with a competent degree of leisure, setting out on a business of this complexion, he will seek, from the conversation of every company he falls into,

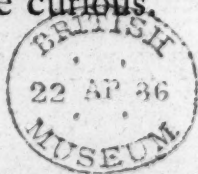
an opportunity of gleanings from the joyous sallies of his friends, the best materials for his work, rescuing likewise from oblivion, some smart pun, which would otherwise dissipate with the scattering winds.

Thus far his endeavours are easy and pleasant : if, in fact, there is an enviable æra of time, in human existence, it is in the situation where a man finds himself forwarding his business, and enjoying at the same moment the social converse of his acquaintance : but if you examine into the more difficult part of the matter ; if you trace the curious investigator to his innermost recesses, he will be found in a labyrinth of trouble. From a diligent research into the history of all parts of the European world, he has the different cli-

mates and various customs of its inhabitants before him: were the geographical situations, or the many forms of government, to be the objects of his enquiry, his studies might thus meet with ample resources; but in exploring the regions of humour, the case is far otherwise. Wit is an article very unequally divided among mankind; it is not the exclusive property of any particular rank or station. A search after it might with Truth be compared to the labours of the industrious Indian, who seeks with never failing assiduity, the precious metals in the mines of Potosi; eager after his expected reward, he removes, by most strenuous exertion, the pondrous load of earth which covers the supposed hidden treasure, and thinks himself amply remunerated, when he

discovers the smallest particle of the shining ore. It is just thus with the compiler: he examines with indefatigable attention the page of history---he consults most esteemed publications, both ancient and modern---and when amidst volumes of tedious uninteresting matter he finds a grain of sterling humour, he fails not to refine and bring it forward for public entertainment.

In recurring to the merit of the following work, I shall speak but little of that part which bears the appearance of novelty; but in respect to the selections, as I claim no merit from them, I am at liberty to say they are most excellent fragments from rare books, scarcely attainable at any rate, and are well worthy the attention of the curious.



FESTIVALS OF MIRTH,

&c. &c. &c.

The School-Boy and Muffin.

A SCHOOLMASTER hearing one of his scholars read, the boy, when he came to the word Honour, pronounced it full; the master told him it should be spoke without the H, as thus, *Onour*: "Very well Sir," replied the lad, "I will remember for the future." "Ay," said his master, always drop the H." The next morning the master's tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to his desk; but the duties of his avocation made him wait till it was cold; when
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speaking to the same boy, he told him to take the muffin to the fire, and *heat it*; “yes Sir,” replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire, *eat it*. Presently the master calls for his muffin; “I have eat it, as you bid me,” said the boy: “eat it, you scoundrel? I bid you take it to the fire and heat it :” “But, Sir, answered the lad, yesterday you told me always to drop the H.”



An Event which does not happen every Day.

The General Evening Post of March 14, 1771, informs us that a goose hatched four-and-twenty canary birds; this appears singular, but not so strange as if he had told us that a canary bird hatched four and twenty geese: at all events we must consider this goose as a *rara avis in terra*.

Several years ago, when the dancing dogs were at Sadler's Wells, the proprietor of them lodged at a shoemaker's shop, nearly opposite the theatre ; some of the dogs having the distemper, one of his servants was employed in heating a mixture of gunpowder, brimstone, and hog's lard, over the shop fire, to dress them with, when the flame reaching the inside of the pan, caused a violent explosion which drove out the shop window.

The editor of this work was passing by at the time, and stopping to enquire into the cause, found the cobblers, who were at work in the shop, totally ignorant of it, enquiring of each other whether it was not an earthquake ? while the man who had attended to the mixture over the fire was one of the most ridiculous figures perhaps ever seen : his face and clothes were plaistered with brimstone, grease and gunpowder ; and, in this condition, without being able to

see out of his eyes, the poor fellow stamped about and roared aloud---where am I : stir up the stuff : tell me where I am, &c.



Two persons quarrelling in a public house, one told the other "he knew what would hang him : " " You are a liar, replied his antagonist, and I defy you to prove your words ; " when the first produced a cord and said, "*this would hang you.*"



It may be agreeable to our readers to be informed what Hectors the Spaniards were about a century and half ago, we therefore present them with the following translation of a rodomantado of a Castilian captain, delivered to the world about the time above mentioned, and transmitted to us by that ingenious gentleman, *James Howel*,

Esq. who was one of the clerks of the Privy Council, in the reign of king Charles the First :

“ When I, lord of mankind, deign to contemplate my terrible, horrible terribility, I scarce can hold myself within myself. In thrice twelve months, if constantly employed, the indefatigable notaries of Biscay may, perchance, take an account of all the grand miraculous atchievements, which my Toledo blade, my durindana, this scourge of Lutherans, vanquisher of Pagans, dreadful replenisher of cemeteries, hath, in an instant I may say, performed !

“ I cannot choose but smile, in recollecting how the great Turk, in danger imminent of loosing empire, threatened by the Sophy, sent for my warlike self to save his kingdoms, when I, who ne’er pollute my christian hands with the detested blood of infidels, vow’d not to go, and only sent my picture. It

went ; but mark the dismal consequence ! Soon as Grand Signior cast his eyes upon it,

Oh the effects of fear in daftard souls !

he fell in such a sad prodigious looseness, such a dire squirt, which held him divers months, as well nigh cost the Ottoman his life : this danger past, the lively portraiture of my surprizing physiognomy, drawn in a car by four and forty camels, was, to the jarring powers in state, conveyed : but soon as e'er the enemies beheld my Basiliscan eyes and horrid looks, like timided hares away they flew, stinking and railing at their prophet Hali. It is astonishing, and yet it's true, these breeches, which I always wear when fighting, are stuffed from waist to knee with captains' beards and the Mustachos of French generals. When I'm upon my march into the field, I hang two drums as pendants at my ears ; besides my Spado, brandishing

the spit, which pierced the eye of mighty Polyphemus. Whene'er I chuse to sit, my constant cushion is a rich turban, which by right of conquest I tore from off a haughty Sultan's head. 'Tis for mere man to spend their nights in beds ; sometimes, perhaps, just for variety, I take the brazen bull, made by Perillus, and throwing it at length upon the ground, stretch for a while my callous limbs thereon, placing my head upon a curious pillow, well filled and crammed with Amazonian hair ; but if th' inclemency o' th' air requires I should have other cov'ring than the skies, my canopy is then the entire skin of the Nemean lion, killed by Hercules: my curtains that are drawn around my couch, lest aught disturb mine and the world's repose, are flags and ensigns ta'en in sundry battles ; then calling on the Virgin and St. Jago, the chiefest

officers lull me to sleep, with sounds of trumpets, kettle-drums and cannons.

“ I came into the world at break of day, when Sol himself was totally eclipsed. The morning of my birth the clouds rained blood, which tinged with crimson hue the mightiest rivers. Vesuvius, Strombola and Mongibello, tho’ mountains often bursting forth in smoke, yet, at my first appearance on the earth, they roared and belched out flames to such degree, as passed old age to recollect the like ; nor were these few the only presages of my transcendent sup’r abundant grandeur. Terrible earthquakes swallowing up whole cities, were felt the day of my nativity, in every creek and corner of the orb. *Æolus*, *Boreas*, *Euroclydon*, and all the winds that e’er were known to blow from under heaven at that famous juncture, rushed out at once from their respective caverns, and

made the ocean and the earth change places. 'Tis said, that in that horrible confusion, that second chaos of the elements, besides the devastation of Irrationals, the race of human kind was half destroyed: What then! I'm sure my birth made full amends, and had done so, had t'other half been lost.

Near to the place where in my infancy by thirty governantes I was nurst, a lion's den was situate purposely that I might be inured to their roaring: From these my mother's fondness, which was boundless, would sometimes cause a young one to be taken; that when 'twas kill'd, instead of childrens' pap, I might be fed and nourished with its blood.

'T would be a vain ridiculous attempt to reckon up the hundred thousandth part of what I've done, and what I mean to do; it therefore shall suffice, that I recount part of the quintessence of the contents of my stupendous names and

glorious titles. Know then, ye feeble sons of mortal men, that I, who, if I please, can swallow mountains, can breathe out whirlwinds and sweat quicksilver, am called, in short, Captain *Don Bassilico*; *Espherdamonte*, the invincible, the most incomparable generalissimo of all the armies now this day in Europe."



A sea captain being asked his opinion about a *future state*, answered, That he never troubled himself about *state* affairs.



Just as it falls.

A gentleman calling at a friend's house, found the servant making a meat pie, who told him her master expected his company to dinner, "*that is just as it falls,*" replied the gentleman, who observed that the maid took snuff, and

had a large drop hanging at the end of the nose : he waited to see whether it would fall in the dish, or by the side of it ; presently the drop fell into the dish, when the gentleman seeming to recollect himself, said, " Give my service to your master, and inform him, *that as it falls*, I cannot have the pleasure of dining with him to day."



A Bait to catch the Devil.

An Exciseman walking by a river observed a person angling : " My friend, said he, what are you fishing for ?" " I fish for the devil, replied the man, but have not got the right bait to catch him." " What bait should it be, says the other,"---Why, master, I'm told the best bait in the world is an Exciseman.



A gentleman thinking he was charged too much by a porter for the delivery of

a parcel, asked him what his name was, "My name, replied the man, is the same as my father's:" "And what is his name?" said the gentleman:" "It is the same as mine:" "Then what are both your names?" "Why, answered the man again, they are both alike, and very deliberately walked off.



A sea captain that had passed most of his life at sea, paid a visit to his sister, who was married and lived in London: after dinner, their son, (a boy just breeched) was introduced to pay his respects to the uncle: the child stared at seeing a stranger, when our sailor, who had been little used to children, patted him on the head as if he had been a dog, called him a fine fellow, and spit in his mouth.



A person having entered a Methodist meeting, where the preacher was a

very illiterate person, he perceived his ignorance, and was leaving the place, when the preacher called out to him, "Young man, you are in hell---You are in hell, I say---I was there eleven months myself." "It is a pity, answered the person whom he addressed, that you had not stopped another month, you would then have gained a settlement.



Tom Moor, of Fleet-street.

Gentlemen,

You must all have heard of Tom Moor, the linen-draper, in Fleet-street. His father, when he died, left him an affluent fortune, and a shop of excellent trade.

As he was standing at his door one day, a countryman came up to him with a nest of jackdaws, and accosting him, says, "Measter, wool ye bouy a neast of daws?" "No, I don't want any?"

“Measter, replied the man, I’ll sell ’em all cheap; you shall have the whole neast for noinpence.” “I don’t want ’em, answered Tom Moor, so go about your business.”

As the man was walking away, one of the daws popt up his head, and cried, mawk, mawk. “Damn it, says Tom Moor, the bird knows my name. Halloo, countryman, what will you take for that bird?” “Whoy, you shall have him for threepence.” Tom Moor. bought him, had a cage made, and hung it up in the shop.

The journeymen took much notice of the bird, and would frequently tap at the bottom of the cage, and say, “Who are you? Who are you?” and immediately reply,---Tom Moor, of Fleet-Street.”

In a short time the jackdaw learnt these words; and, if he wanted victuals or water, would strike his bill against

the cage, turn up the white of his eye, cock his head, and cry, "Who are you? Who are you? Tom Moor, of Fleet-street, Tom Moor, of Fleet-street."

Tom Moor was fond of gaming, and often lost large sums of money; finding his business neglected by his absence, he had a small hazard table set up in one corner of his dining-room, and invited a party of his friends to play at it.

The jackdaw had by this time become familiar, his cage was left open, and he hopped into every part of the house; sometimes he got into the dining-room, where the gentlemen were at play; one of them being a constant winner, the others would say, "Damn it how he nicks 'em." The bird learnt these words also, and adding them to the former, would call, "Who are you? Who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-Street, Tom Moor of Fleet-Street---Damn it how he nicks 'em."

Tom Moor, from repeated losses and neglect of business, failed in trade, and became a prisoner in the Fleet ; he took his bird with him, and lived on the master's side, supported by his friends, in a decent manner. They would sometimes ask, "What brought you here" when he used to lift up his hands and answer, "Bad company by G---." The bird learnt this likewise, and at the end of the former words would say, "What brought you here? what brought you here? and, to imitate his master, lift up his pinions, and cry, "Bad company by G—."

Some of Tom Moor's friends died, others went abroad ; and by degrees he was totally deserted, and removed to the common side of the prison, where the gaol distemper had broke out : he caught it ; and in the last stage of life, lying on a straw bed, the poor bird (who had been two days without food or wa-

ter) came to his feet, and, striking his bill on the floor, called out, "Who are you? Who are you? Tom Moor of Fleet-street, Tom Moor of Fleet-street; Damn it how he nicks 'em, Damn it how he nicks 'em; What brought you here? What brought you here? Bad company, by G—, Bad company, by G—."

Tom Moor, who attended to the bird, was struck with his words, and, reflecting on himself, cried out, "Good God! to what a wretched situation am I reduced! my father, when he died, left me a good fortune and established trade: I have spent my fortune, ruined my business, and am now dying in a loathsome gaol; and, to complete all, keeping that poor thing confined without any support: I'll endeavour to do one piece of justice before I die, by setting him at liberty."

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He made shift to crawl from his straw bed, opened the casement, and out the bird flew. A flight of jackdaws from the temple was going over the gaol, and Tom Moor's bird mixed amongst them. The gardeners were then laying the plats of the Temple Gardens, and as often as they placed them in the day, the jackdaws pulled them up by night. They got a gun and attempted to shoot some of them: but being cunning birds, they always placed one as a watch in the stump of a hollow tree; who, as soon as the gun was levelled, cried, mauk, mauk, and away they all flew; so that the man could never shoot one of them.

The gardeners were advised to get a net, and the first night it was spread, they caught fifteen. Tom Moor's bird was amongst them. One of the men took the net into the garret of an uninhabited house, fastens the door and

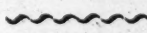
windows, and turns the birds loose. "Now, says he, you black rascals, I'll be revenged on you." Taking hold of the first at hand, he twists his neck, and throwing him down, cries, "there goes one," Tom Moor's bird, who had hopt upon a beam in one corner of the room unobserved, as the man laid hold of the second, calls out, "Damn it, how he nicks 'em:" the man alarmed, cries, "Sure, I heard a voice ; but the house is uninhabited, and the door fast ; it could only be imagination. On laying hold of a third, and twisting his neck, Tom Moor's bird again says, "Damn it, how he nicks 'em." The man dropped the bird he had in hand, and turning to where the voice came from, observed the other with his mouth open, and calls out, "Who are you ? to which the bird answered, "Tom Moor of Fleet-street, Tom Moor of Fleet-street : " "the devil you are ; and what

brought you here ?” Tom Moor’s bird lifting up his pinions, answered, “ Bad company by G—, Bad company by G—.” The fellow frightened almost out of his wits, opened the door, ran down stairs, and out of the house, followed by all the birds, who by this means saved their lives, and gained their liberty.

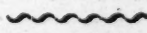


An impudent Jade was taken before a *wise* justice of the peace, for an assault, who frequently made use of the following words: *Put that and that together*. At the close of her examination the justice ordered his clerk to write her mittimus, saying, *Put that and that together*: the girl, while this was doing, informed his worship that she had one particular observation to make ; What is it, hussey, said he : your worship has a large carbuncle on your nose : And what if I have ? Why and

please your worship, I have one upon my backside, *put that and that together.*



An Irishman having had a dispute with his sweetheart, in the heat of passion determined to make away with himself, for which purpose he bought a pair of pistols, and going into his landlady's dining-room, after loading them he walked to the looking-glass: his landlady, who suspected his rash intention, ran up stairs, and came just time enough to see him discharge his pistol at the glass, upon which she cried out, "Oh! I'm ruined and undone for ever." And so am I, says Paddy, for I've just now killed the handsomest man alive.



A gentleman who was near sighted, when he went to the Coffee-house in a morning, usually took his man with

him, to read the news, this person was very illiterate, but his master being familiar to most of his blunders, could tolerably tell his meaning, as he was reading among the casualties, a paragraph appeared concerning a gardener, who was cutting creepers on the top of a house, he read—Last Monday, as a grenadier was cutting capers a top of a house, he tumbled down and broke his neck. God bless my soul, Tom, said the gentleman, that never can be right ; read it over again. It was read again---the same still, “ a grenadier cutting capers a top of a house :” What business, said his master, have grenadiers on the top of a house, and cutting capers too. At last comes up a gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he begged to read that passage to him, saying, it is a very odd one, if it is as my man reads it : I can make out in general what he means, but do not understand this ; when the

gentleman taking the paper read--A gardener cutting creepers at the top of a house, fell down and broke his neck. "You dunderpate, says he to his man, did not I always say your head was made of bullets?" Yes, Sir, replied the man (thinking to mend the matter), but I'll take care to *reprove* myself, that it shall be a little lighter for the future.



Old Age most pleasing in the five following things :

Old wood to burn
 Old wine to drink
 Old friends to meet
 Old authors to read,
 And Old Age in good humour.



A lady told a gentleman "that his wit was pretty:" "Why so?" said he :

She replied, because every thing that is *little* is pretty.



A baker in the habit of making bread short of weight, one morning observed the annoyance jury in his neighbourhood, and expecting they would call at his shop, ordered the man to take the light bread into the cellar; presently after the jury called, and weighing his loaves, found them all weight. As they were leaving the house, a jackdaw, which hung up in the shop, and had not been observed, calls out, "The light bread's in the cellar--the light bread's in the cellar:" which words being taken notice of by one of the jury, he desired his brethren to return and go below, where they found a quantity of bread much deficient in weight, and fined the honest baker in the full penalty. To punish the in-

former, the baker, as soon as the jury had left him, takes the bird out of the cage, twists his neck, and throws him on a dunghill in his yard. A sow, that had died in farrowing, had been thrown in the same place. But the bird, whose neck was not broke, in a short time recovered: shaking his feathers, and looking about, he perceived the old sow; he hopped up, and taking her by the ear with his bill, called out, "Did you say any thing about the light bread?"



An honest coal-heaver, being a witness in a court of justice, was asked by the counsel, If he understood the nature of an oath; to which having answered in the affirmative, "What will be the consequence (enquired the counsellor) of your taking a false one?" Why, master, (replied the coal-heaver)

I shall go to hell and be lathered like a sack."



A person, noted for a great eater, dining one day with a friend, remarked he had lost his appetite. That may be (says his friend) but you have *found* a horse's.



At a sea-port town in the West of England, an itinerant company of players were to perform the *Tempest*: a jolly tar, who went to see the play, got into the boxes, when, at the moment of the shipwreck, the temporary gallery gave way, and the company tumbled over one another into the pit; the sailor, who imagined it a part of the performance, shouted and hallooed as loud as his lungs would permit him. At his return from sea, being in London, he observed the same play was to be per-

formed at Drury-lane ; he went into the pit, and just as the scene before-mentioned commenced, he stamped with his foot, piped all hands, and looking up to the gallery, calls with a loud voice, "Take care, my hearts, you're all a coming."



Moral Obligation between a Man and a Dog.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

I do not love a cat : his disposition is mean and suspicious : a friendship of years is cancelled in a moment, by an accidental tread on his tail or foot, he instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you, turning back, as he goes off, a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness, seeming to say—perdition catch you—I hate you for ever. But

the dog is my delight ; tread on his tail or foot, he expresses, for a moment, the uneasiness of his feelings : but in a moment the complaint is ended, he runs around you, jumps up against you, seems to declare his sorrow for complaining, as it was not intentionally done : nay, to make himself the aggressor, and begs by winings and lickings, that master will think of it no more. Many a time when Ranger, wishing for a little sport, has run to the gun, smelt to it, then wriggling his tail, and with eyes full of the most expressive fire, leaped up against me whining and begging, have I, against my inclination, indulged him with a scamper through the woods, or in the field : for many a time has he left a warm nest, among the snows of winter to start pleasure for *me* : thus is there a moral obligation between a man and a dog.

The Old Shepherd's Dog.

The old shepherd's dog like his master was gray,
 His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue ;
 Yet where'er Corin went, he was follow'd by
 Tray,

Thus happy, thro' life, did they hobble along.

When fatigued on the grass the shepherd would lie
 For a nap in the sun---Midst his slumbers so sweet,
 His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
 Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
 And torrents descended and cold was the wind,
 If Corin went forth 'mid the tempest and rain,
 Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last bed,
 For vain against death is the stoutest endeavour :
 To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
 Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and ah, clos'd
 them for ever.

Not long after Tray did the shepherd remain,
 Who oft' o'er his grave with true sorrow would
 bend ;
 And when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor
 swain :

"Oh, bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend."

A Butcher's boy being sent to a gentleman with his master's compliments, to know how he did, was ordered into the parlour. The lad went in with his hat on, and his hands stuck in his apron: "Well, Jack, says the gentleman, what's your business?" "My master sends his compliments, and desires to know how you do." "I thank your master, I am better, but where's your hat?" The boy made no answer, but returning home, told his master "The gentleman says he is better; but he is as blind as a beetle." "How so?" said the master. "Why, he asked me where my hat was? and I had it on all the while."



The Reader may believe the following story or not :

On a passage to Jamaica, with troops on board, a little boy, who was a fifer,

sitting on the gunwale, by a sudden roll of the ship, fell overboard and was directly swallowed by a shark: a hook was immediately baited with a piece of beef, and thrown over the stern, which was seized by the shark, and he was presently hauled on board. On opening of him the boy was found snugly seated between two ribs, and quite unconcerned, playing a tune on his fife, while the pilot-fish, which take refuge in the stomach of a shark, were dancing a Scotch reel to music.

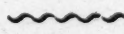


In the kingdom of Cochin, China, they have a remarkable kind of food, called the edible bird's nest: there is a small bird like a swallow, which builds upon the rocks, near the sea coast, composing its nest of the sea-fish, and a juice of its own stomach, which hardens in the sun, and is almost transparent: this

nest being softened in warm water, and pulled into small pieces, is usually put into broths ; it is nourishing and applauded as very delicious.



The Emperor Sigismund was reproached for rewarding instead of destroying his enemies, and by that means giving them the power again to injure him. "What, said the noble minded monarch, do not I destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?"



A man having hurt his forehead, was advised to rub it with brandy: some days after, being asked if he had done so, answered, "I have tried several times, but can never get the glass higher than my mouth."

Before I went to School.

A STORY.

Some years since a gentleman travelling the road, lost a portmanteau out of his chaise, containing a sum of money ; he offered a reward to any person who should find it, but without effect.

It had been picked up by an old man employed on the highway, who, unacquainted with its use, carried it home to his dame, and told her he had found a roll of leather, with an iron string. His wife, who knew it was a portmanteau, did not inform him ; but the next day, when he was gone to labour, opened it, and discovered the contents. On his coming home at night, she said, it was a great pity he had no learning ; and proposed his going to an evening school, in the village, to learn to read. The old man unwillingly consented ; but after a month's trial, could

make nothing of his book, and refused to go any longer.

He went to work as usual ; and one day the gentleman, who lost the port-manteau, being on the road, observed him, and enquired, if he knew, or had heard, of one being found some months back ?

The old man did not understand what he meant, until the gentleman shewed that he had with him. “Why, said the old man, I found a roll of leather like that ; and if you’ll go with me, you may have it.” The gentleman gladly accompanied him, and on their arrival at the cottage, told his dame to bring the roll of leather : the wife, fearing a discovery, cried, “What roll of leather, you silly oaf.” “Why that I found before I went to school.” “Before you went to school ! says the gentleman, zounds, you old fool, that must be be-

fore I was born :” and left the house in a passion.

A Rule without an Exception.

Every word in the English language, where a Q is used, a U must follow.

A child, the son of a coal-merchant, having been frequently told of the punishment of hell fire, one day conversing with his father, said, “ pray, papa, do you serve the devil with coals ?”

A gentleman quarrelled with a butcher in Newgate market, and was so provoked that he threatened to *give* him a good dressing ? Master, answered the butcher, I accept of no *gifts*, it shall only be *lent*, and *repaid* with interest ; adding, as I cannot *take* it, you may do as you please about *lending*.

Within the demesnes of Broughton, in the county of Northamptonshire, is a petrefying well, from whence a skull, all over stone, both within and without, was carried to, and preserved in, Sidney College, Cambridge.



A well below Richard's Castle, in Herefordshire, is full of small fish bones, or frog bones, and notwithstanding it be sometimes emptied, a fresh supply always succeeds, whereupon it is called Bone Well.



Hogarth, the intimate friend of Fielding, was inconsoleable for not having been able, during the life of the latter, to persuade him to sit for his portrait. One morning, as the painter, alone in his chamber, was at work on the drapery of the portrait of the duchess of —, he heard a voice coming from

the drawing-room door, like that of the deceased Fielding, who, in a hollow tone, called, "*Hogarth, come and paint me.*" The artist, who was no great believer in ghosts, reflected for a moment, laughed, and continued his work: but presently after the same voice was heard, repeating the same words: he hastily rose, opened the drawing-room door, and started back terrified, thinking he absolutely saw Fielding, who said, "*Fear, nothing, my friend, make haste and take my likeness; for I cannot stay here above a quarter of an hour.*" Hogarth had the courage to draw the outline of the figure; and so much to the satisfaction of the phantom, that it said, "*Vastly well, Hogarth; farewell! but in leaving the room, beware thou dost not look back.*"

Returning to his own chamber, the painter, though much affected, could not, on consideration, long suppose this

adventure supernatural: he rang his bell, and interrogated his servants concerning who had been admitted; but could not trace the least circumstance to found suspicion. Thinking, if he explained himself too far, the fear of ghosts might seize his servants, he sent them away, and left it to time to bring this interesting affair to light; but the more he looked on the portrait of his friend, the greater he thought the likeness; he did not finish it, not daring to rely too much on his own judgment, but placed it amongst his new works, so that his visitors might see it; most of whom had known Fielding. How great was his surprize, when he saw the general and instant sensation it produced! But Hogarth was not satisfied with the strange manner in which this likeness was obtained; and one day, having exacted a profound secrecy, he ventured to consult his friend Garrick

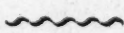
on the affair. What was his new astonishment, when this celebrated actor told him, that having, like him, long regretted the want of a portrait of Fielding, he had, through the means of a servant, got into his drawing room, and, by changing his voice and countenance by his mimicry, been able to deceive his friend.

Hogarth was now convinced of the obligation he owed Garrick, whose prodigious memory could thus imitate a man who had been dead eight years.

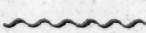


A person in the country having died intestate, his brother, who was an honest but ignorant man, applied to a lawyer for his opinion how to act, who advised him to go to Doctors Commons, enquire for a civilian, and consult him, saying at the same time, "you must tell the gentleman that your brother has

died intestate, and that you wish to be his executor, or to get the administration." Away went the farmer, and being directed to a proper person, accosted him in the following words : " Pray, Sir, a'nt you a *silly villian* ?" " What, Sir, replied the other, do you mean to insult me ?" " Yes, said the man, I came to town on purpose to *insult you*, my brother has died *detested*, and I want to be his *executioner* to *admiration*.



An impudent fellow stood and stared so rudely at a lady, that she retired, upon which he called out, " What does the sun offend you, madam ?" " Yes, said she, the son of your parents."



Among the many instances of pompous pride recorded of absolute monarchs, there is none more remarkable

than that which history mentions of the great cham of Tartary, with whom it is a custom, as soon as he has dined, to have a trumpet sound ; and a herald proclaims, that the other princes of the world are at liberty to sit down to meat.



The Spirit of the Public Journals.

1.

The sun each morn displays its ray,
Apollo *shine* upon upon my rhymes,
By visits from the *nine* each day,
That I may shine too in the pa—

* —per, every morning call'd the *Times*,

—per every morning call'd the *Times*.

2.

One afternoon I lost my way,
I speak it not ironical ;
Late at night, I found next day,
That I was *missing* in the pa—

—per call'd the Morning Chronicle,

—per call'd the Morning Chronicle.

* While the chorus is singing, you should beat time with chimney-sweeper's brush and shovel.

3.

This wager with my friend I'll lay
My gig against *his* curricule,
 Which most miles run within the day,
 It was inserted in the pa—
 —per call'd the Daily Oracle,
 —per call'd the Daily Oracle.

4.

All around us looks like May,
 See the ditcher, see the hedger ;
 Healthy goes to labour da—
 —ily, you may read it in the pa—
 —per that is call'd the Public Ledger,
 —per that is call'd the Public Ledger,

5.

I had a friend, whose name was GRAY,
 He had a friend whose name was GERALD,
 And both of them lov'd Mrs. DRA—
 —PER ; you may read it in the pa—
 —per that is call'd the Morning Herald,
 —per that is call'd the Morning Herald.

6.

Then let's be merry ev'ry day,
 And as we live each day grow wiser ;

This *was* and *still* should be the way,
 And what you will find in the pa—
 —per call'd the Morning Advertiser,
 —per call'd the Morning Advertiser.



*Written in a Lady's Common Prayer
 Book, on her resolving to die a Maid.*

Fling this useless book away,
 And presume no more to pray ;
 Heaven is just, and can bestow
 Mercy on none but such as mercy show.
 If you, fair *Silvia*, hope the Gods will hear,
 And kindly give admission to your prayer,
 Then you, like them, must with compassion move,
 And not be cruel to my ardent love :
 In vain you vex the Gods with your petition,
 Without repentance, or sincere contrition }
 You're in a very reprobate condition.



The dogs, having agreed to petition
 Jupiter for a redress of grievances, sent
 one, as ambassador, with their petition;

but the dog was so offensive, that Jove hurled him from the clouds.

He was nearly killed by the fall, and only lived to tell his companions the cause.

They then got perfumes of every kind, with which they anointed another, and dispatched ; but Jove was so well pleased with the scent, that he kept him : and from that time, dogs always smell at each other, in order to discover if their ambassador is returned.



Anecdote of the famous Catherine Tudor.

[FROM PENNANT, in his Journey to SNOWDON.]

At Llewenne, is the portrait of a lady exceedingly celebrated in this part of Wales, Catherine Tudor, better known by the name of Catherine of Berain, from her seat in this neighbourhood : she was daughter and heiress of Tudor ap Robert Tycham, of Berain ;

her first husband was John Salusbury, and on his death she gave her hand to Sir Richard Clough: the tradition goes—That at the funeral of her beloved spouse, John Salusbury, she was led to the church by Sir Richard, and from the church, by Morris Wynne, of Gwedir, who whispered to her his wish of being second; she refused him with great civility, informing him, that in her way to the church she had accepted the proposals of Sir Richard, but assured him, that he might depend upon being her third, in case she ever performed the same sad duty (which she was then about) to the knight. She was as good as her word; and as soon as she had composed this gentleman, to shew that she had no superstition about the number three, she concluded with Edward Thelwal of Plas y Ward, Esq. and departed this life August the 27th, and

was interred at Llanwydd, on the 1st of September, 1591.



EPITAPH on a HERMIT.

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

For years, upon a mountain's brow,
A hermit lived,—*the Lord knows how*;
A robe of sackcloth he did bear,
And got his food,—*the Lord knows where*;
Hardships, and penance, were his lot,
He often pray'd,—*the Lord knows what*,
At last this holy man did die,
He left this world,—*the Lord knows why*.
He's buried in this gloomy den,
And he shall rise,—*the Lord knows when*.



[*The following Anecdote is from an anonymous French Author.*

In re-building Sir Edward Deering's house, situated in the county of Kent, there was found among the ruins, a La-

tin manuscript, the author of which was Richard the Third's son ; the contents are to this effect :

Richard's son was brought up privately in the country ; he neither knew his birth nor fortune : the evening preceding the battle of Bosworth, the king ordered him to come to his tent, where he revealed to him the important secret of his birth, and presenting him with fifteen hundred pounds, said, " My son, the success of to-morrow's battle must decide your fate ; if fortunately I should be victorious, I will give you a dukedom ; if on the contrary, I am conquered, forget what you are, and choose some retreat, where the sum which I have now given you, will enable you to live."

The king's son concealed himself in a place near the spot where the battle was fought : Richard was defeated ; the young prince immediately departed for

London, and bound himself apprentice to a celebrated architect : he was then sixteen years of age ; but the gracefulness of his person, his elegance of manners, and his noble actions, announced him to be of illustrious birth.

It was not long before his master perceived that he possessed uncommon genius, and entrusted to him the execution of the most difficult work. The house of Sir Edward Deering, in the ruins of which this manuscript was found, required some repairs, and our young prince was employed to overlook the workmen, in which situation he acquired Sir Edward's good opinion, so much, that he permitted him to build a small hermitage on his ground. In this retreat he consecrated all his time to reading, and contemplation ; his knowledge, his mildness, and modest behaviour, gained him the esteem of all the neighbourhood. It was in this place

that he wrote these memoirs, and the manuscript, says our author, is now in the possession of the Deering family.



The late Mr. Whitfield and a Sailor

This gentleman preached at a chapel in New England, where a collection was to be made after the sermon. A British sailor, who had strolled into the meeting, observed some persons to take plates, and place themselves at the door, upon which he laid hold of one, and taking his station, received a considerable sum from the congregation as they departed, which he very deliberately put into the pocket of his tarry trowsers : this being told to Mr. Whitfield, he applied to the sailor for the money, saying, it was collected for charitable uses, and must be given to him. "Avast there, said Jack, it was given to me, and I shall keep it,"

“ You will be d—d, said the parson, if you don’t return it.” “ I will be d—d if I do,” replied Jack, and sheered off with his prize.



At the village of Valilla, in Spain, there is a remarkable bell, in the steeple of the church, said to ring of itself without help, before any extraordinary revolution or calamity happens in that kingdom, whereof several authors mention many instances too long for insertion in this work.



MINCERS’ HALL.

The bricklayer’s labourers once applied to the Lord mayor, desiring to be formed into a *Company*, have a *Hall*, and be allowed to take *Apprentices* : upon wishing to hear what they earned per week, he received for answer twenty four shillings : “ How do you make

that out?" "Why my Lord, twelve shillings for wages, and twelve shillings for whips and strays;" very well, replied his Lordship, but pray what do you mean by *whips* and *strays*, as I do not rightly comprehend those terms? "My Lord, when we are at work in a new house, there is such things as locks, bolts, hinges, sash-weights, &c. those we call whips; in an old house, there are table and tea-spoons, knives, forks, napkins, &c. &c. these, my Lord, we call strays." Very good, gentlemen, returned his lordship, you certainly deserve a *Hall*, and shall have one, then sent them all to Newgate.



The Fairy Fields.

Passing through Smithfield, one night, about 11 o'clock, I heard a voice, which seemed to proceed from the sheep pens, calling out, "Where the devil have I

got to now?" Upon stopping to listen further, I found by the sound it was an old friend of mine, whom I knew had spent the evening at a tavern in the city, and, being rather elevated, had mistook his way, by getting into Smith-field, when coming to the sheep pens, and taking them for stiles, supposed he had got into the fields, and crossing one of them, in a step or two he came to another, and so crossed several ; upon which I heard him say, " Damn it, what little fields these are !" when I informed him where he was, and extricated him from his *faïry fields*.



A Fryar having embarked for America, the captain, who was a good seaman, perceived a storm approaching, and addressed the Fryar thus : " Sir, said he, we shall have a stiff gale presently, and as you are not used to the

sea, you may be troubled to keep the deck, therefore had better go below : depend upon it, so long as you hear the sailors swear, there is no danger; but if once they leave off swearing and go to prayers, all is lost, and it will be high time for you to commend yourself to heaven."

The Fryar went down into the cabin, and some time after sent his man upon deck, to enquire how things went, who presently returned in a great fright, saying, Lord, have mercy upon us—all is over, Sir—for the sailors are swearing as if they were possessed with the devil ; their blasphemies alone are sufficient to sink the ship. " Bravo ! Bravo ! said the Fryar, God be praised ! I'm glad to hear it ; cheer up, swear away my lads, and all will be well.



A wise mayor of a corporation, with

his wife, went to see the wild beasts ; among them there was a mischievous ape, who mocked, chattered and made mouths at the dame, upon which his worship very gravely told the ape that he did not behave like a gentleman, to mock *his* wife, who was a mayor's lady, a midwife too, and old enough to be his mother.



After Mr. Quin, the comedian, had quitted the stage, he resided mostly at Bath. Being one day at dinner at a lady's house, who admired his theatrical talents, she addressed him as follows : " Mr. Gwyn, I was once vastly entertained with your playing the Ghost of Ghimlet, at Drury-lane : when you rose up through the stage with a white face and red eyes, and spoke of *quails upon the fretful porcupine*. Pray spout a little the Ghost of Gimlet." " Madam, said

Quin, with a glance of ineffable disdain, the Ghost of Gimlet is laid, never to rise again." Insensible of this check, she proceeded: "Well, to be sure, you talked and looked so like a real ghost: and then the cock crowed so natural: I wonder how you could teach him to crow so exact in the very nick of time; but I suppose he is game; an't he game Mr. Gwynn?" "Dunghill, madam." "Well, dunghill or not dunghill, he has got such a clear counter-tenor, that I wish I had such another at my house to wake the maids in a morning; do you know where I can find one of his brood?" "Probably in the workhouse of St. Giles's, madam." "Good God! sister, cried her brother, how you talk; I have told you twenty times, that this gentleman's name is not Gwyn, but Quin." "Hey day, brother, she replied, no offence, I hope; Gwyn is an honourable name, of true old British

extraction: I thought the gentleman had been come of Mrs. Helen Gwyn, who was of his own profession ; and if so be that were the case, he might be of king Charles's breed, and have royal blood in his veins." "No, madam, answered Quin, with great solemnity, my mother was not a whore of such distinction."



A woman was to be sworn before a Justice of the Peace, whether she was maid, wife, or widow? The magistrate informed her that if she swore to a falsehood, it would be perjury, and punished accordingly, at which she humm'd and ha'd for some time, but at last said, "I was never married, so you may write me down, *young woman*."



A person who kept a ferry on the river Potomack, was fond of pompous

language ; and in common discourse used it to such a degree, that few people understood the meaning.

A gentleman enquiring after his father's health, he replied as follows :

" Sir, the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere had so congealed the pellucid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Potomack, that with the most eminent and superlative reluctance, I was constrained to procrastinate my premeditated egress into the palatinate province of Maryland, for the medical, chemical, and galenical co-adjuvancy and co-operation of a distinguished fanative son of Esculapius, until the peccant deleterious matter of the *athrites* had pervaded the *cranium*, into which it had ascended and penetrated, from the inferior pedestrial major digit of my paternal relative in consanguinity ; whereby his morbosity was magnified so exorbitantly, as to exhi-

bit an absolute extinguishment of vivification."



A Cure for a Scolding Wife.

A very honest, industrious man was married to a termagant vixen, who led him such an uncomfortable life, that he threatened to drown himself, and put an end to those perpetual torments he constantly endured from her quarrelsome temper.

One day, after a violent storm, he told her "that he was tired of his life," and immediately went out, as she supposed, to drown himself; like a loving wife, she followed at a distance, and saw him approach the banks of a river. The good man had observed her motions, and waited to see how she would act, when, after some little time, she walked up and upbraided him for not keeping his promise, asking Why he

did not drown himself, as he said he would? "Woman, replied he, I have been considering of the sin of self-murder, and cannot destroy myself, but if you will push me in, I shall be perfectly reconciled:" With this proposal she complied, and runs at him with extended arms, to force him forward: by a dextrous manœuvre at the moment she approached him, he slipped on one side, when the velocity with which she came, prevented her from being able to stop herself; the consequence was, she ran plump into the river, and was carried along by the current, her husband waiting till he thought she was pretty safe, and then called for assistance: some neighbours coming up, on being informed of the accident, they proceeded to search for her, by following the stream down the river, on which the husband called out, "My good friends, you must search the other way,

she was a contrary devil, and all her life time went against the stream."



A little Learning is a dangerous Thing.

A country farrier, very fond of being stiled doctor, had got by heart several short Latin sentences, which he frequently mixed in conversation to shew his learning, but not being much of a scholar, often misapplied them.

One day a gentleman having ordered his groom to take a horse that had the glanders to our farrier, followed himself, and enquired if he could be of any service to the poor creature, "Yes, Sir, replied the doctor, *finis coronat opus* ; I'll cure him. In a few days the gentleman called and desired to know how his horse was ? *Semper eadem, worse and worse*, answered the doctor. A short time after the master of the ani-

mal passing by, observed the farrier at his door, and called out, "How are we now, doctor? When he received for answer, "*Vivat Rex, dead by G—d.*"



Voltaire says, in one of his letters to Lord Littleton "The world, my friend, is one great shipwreck; and man's motto, *Save yourself if you can.*"



A few summers ago, taking a ride into the country, I called on an old acquaintance, who had retired from business; he had formerly been a poulterer in London. Walking into his garden, I found him quarrelling with his wife, in an arbour at the farther end, close to which was his pig-stye. Observing my approach, he immediately accosted me in the following manner:

"My dear friend, I'm glad to see

you : here we are, enjoying *omnium come dig my tatoes*. I have one of the sweetest prospectres you ever sawed : here, there, only look ; it's all before us : there's Twitnum, and here's Harry on the Hill ; and there's a Hobbylisk, and here's the Monument. Only just let us walk up to the surplus of the pigstye : only mind, skim your eye a little more this way ; there's the Tower and the river Tems : and here, don't you see something like a white house ? Oh ! charming lanscup ! that's the church where my wife and I was married !”

“ Ah, hang the church, cries Mrs. Pullet, I have hated the sight of it ever since.” “ And so have I too, replied Mr. Pullet. Now, my dear friend, is not this the most ravishing and most ruralist place you ever see'd ?”

By this specimen, I found my former acquaintance no longer the same man. Persons of confined education and mis-

taken ideas, are often the most unfortunate, when fortune apparently smiles mostly on them. I took my leave, quite hurt at the alteration of my old friend ; but immediately recollected the two following lines :

What faults you see in me, take care to shun,
And look at home, for much may there be done.



Search the Scriptures.

A wild young fellow was going abroad ; his mother took him into her closet, telling him she had a precious treasure to deposit in his hands, and after many grave admonitions produced the bible, handsomely bound, in two volumes ; and, to crown all, advised him to consult and search the scriptures. Little did the youth know how precious the volumes were ; but you shall hear : On his return from sea the old lady one day took him aside, and hoped he had

remembered the last injunction she had given him: "Yes, he could very honestly say he had taken care of the bible." To prove his respect and obedience, he runs up stairs to his own room, and returns instantly, with the two volumes safe and sound.

The good lady pulls off one cover: "Rather too clean, my dear." "O madam, I took great care of them: the second volume is equally fair." She shakes her head; intimating her suspicions that they had not been read so often as she wished: then opens the first volume, and, lo! a ten pound bank note is found; the other volume displays a second note, and of twice the value. She was confounded; and so was her son: and I know no man, of my acquaintance, who more sincerely regrets that he did not *search the scriptures*.

On a certain time, father Thames is said, by ancient writers, to have convened all the deities of his tributary rivers to appear at his court ; and, as they passed one by one, he commended or blamed them, according to their different deserts.

When the deity of the river Mode came, he advanced with a confident air, dressed in a long robe, partly of a russet colour, and partly green ; his right arm was extended, but his left was concealed under his garment. “ Why, my son, said the genius of the Thames, do you conduct your stream for so long a way under ground ? ” “ Father of rivers, replied the Mole, it is out of a prudent regard ; that I am sure you will commend in me. I observed, that where my stream was exposed to the air, a great part of it was exhaled by the sun ; I therefore formed a passage for

it beneath the surface of the earth, that it might appear the fuller, and with so much more dignity, when it came to join your waters." The king of rivers viewed him with a look of anger, mixed with compassion; and, after a deep sigh, spoke thus to him: "Alas, my son, what you have looked upon as highly prudential, is the very reverse of wisdom: it is what mortals call by the name of *cunning*; let us leave that to men, the inventors of it: if it ever succeeds it is unsatisfactory; but the worst of it is, that it almost perpetually misses its aim; as you, my son, have done in the case before us. Had you led your stream all in sight of the day, the waters that were exhaled from it, would have fallen back to you in dews, and made every thing about you look more fresh and flourishing; the rains from the heavens too, would have enlarged your stream: but now you lose more of

your waters in the clefts of the earth ; and in the hollows about your obscure passage, than you can ever save by thus creeping out of the light, and avoiding all the uses and purposes you were chiefly designed for by nature."

The truest and noblest way of doing good to ourselves, is by doing good to others : no time should be lost : remember " that every moment of time, is a monument of God's mercy."



The Devil and the Parson's Man.

A person having ordered by his will that a bag of money should be buried with him, the executors *appearing* to comply with his directions, filled a tolerably sized bag with nuts, and placed it by him in the coffin : a few nights after the funeral, two thieves went to open the grave, and take out the mo-

ney, as they supposed, but finding nothing in the bag but nuts, and being determined not to lose their labour altogether, they agreed to steal one of the parson's sheep, which were kept in a field adjoining his house, near the church, one of them went to fetch a sheep while the other kept watch, and employed himself by cracking his nuts. Now it happened that the parson, who was in his study, wanted a book of sermons that had been left in the church, and ordered his man to go and bring them to him. The man went, but when he had got into the church-yard, perceived the thief setting across a tombstone.. Much frightened, he took to his heels, ran home and informed his master that he had seen the devil cracking of nuts in the church-yard: this idle story made his master exceeding angry; he ordered him to return immediately, and bring the book, or he would dis-

charge him from his service ; but nothing could prevail on the fellow to return. The reverend gentleman was at this time prevented from walking by a fit of the gout, or, he told his servant, he would go himself ; but as he could not walk, if the other would carry him, they might both go : this the man consented to, and immediately took his master on his back, and proceeded with him to the church-yard : the thief, who perceived them, and supposed it was his companion, with one of the parson's sheep, calls out, "*Is he fat ?*" The servant, who really thought he was accosted by the devil, answered, with much trepidation, " Fat or lean, take him as he is ;" and throwing down his load, ran away as fast as his legs would carry him, and, like Monsieur Tonson, ne'er was heard of more.



Several years since a robbery had been committed at Chelsea, by a number of Jews, some of whom were apprehended and punished by the laws: the hackney-coachmen at that time would call out to the old clothesmen, *Chelsea mawyer*, to which salutation the poor fellows gave no answer; but not long after a coachman was convicted for a robbery committed on Bow Common, it was now the Jews turn, and whenever any one of them was addressed by the coachmen as formerly, he would boldly look his assailant in the face, and answer, *Po, gommonge* mine life, which effectually silenced their opponents in a short time.



Louis the Fourteenth, who loved a concise style, met on the road as he was travelling into the country, a priest, who was riding post, and ordering him

to stop, asked hastily, "Whence come you—where are you going—what do you want?" The other, who perfectly knew the king's disposition, instantly replied, "From Bruges—to Paris—a benefice." You shall have it, replied the king, and in a few days presented him with a valuable living.



Poets are allowed great liberties; for instance, we shall notice the two following lines :

Guy Vaux with his companions did conspire
To blow up the king and parli'ment ; with gun-
i-pow-de-ire.



EPITAPH on a good Wife.

WRITTEN BY HER HUSBAND.

Here lies my poor Wife, much lamented ;
She's happy, and I'm contented.

EPITAPH

On a peaceable woman burried next to a quarrelsome one.

Here lies the body of MARY SEXTON,
A woman she, who never vex'd one;
You can't say that for her at the next stone.

}



An Irishman who belonged to an itinerant company of players, performed the part of Portius in the Tragedy of Cato. In his speech to Sempronius, where he should say,

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it,
he recited as follows :

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll DO WITH-
OUT IT.



On a tomb-stone, in a country church, which records the name and titles of a deceased bishop, this emphatic line is added :

“Behold the Bishop’s palace !”



A Welsh clergyman having to read the curses, as the custom is on Ash-Wednesday, to which the people answer, Amen, turning over the leaf, and finding many of them, said, “Dearly beloved brethren, I have here a great many curses to read to you, but being loth to tire your patience, I will end them all in one—The curse of God light upon you all.” Amen.



MAXIMS, &c. &c.

It is a philosophical truth, that most things appear different, according to

L

the different mediums through which they are contemplated.

An honest man's peace of mind ought not to be destroyed, because, at different times we make different reflections, and apply different meanings.

A good heart may be guilty of indiscretions, but it must be a bad one that feels not remorse upon reflection.

"Softly river run deep," is an expression used by the negroes in the West Indies, denoting a person of few words, to be wise, sensible, &c.

Every thing grows little as it gets at a distance : thus we account for absent friends being frequently forgot.

Simplicity is the loveliest child of nature, bred up by Fancy, at a distance from Art.

Patience sweetens the bitter draught

Adversity, and renders it palatable tho' not pleasing.

Prejudice is the offspring of Ignorance, nurtured by a bad mind.

A prejudice once conceived is hard to be eradicated ; therefore better to be avoided.

Take care of your pence, and the shillings and pounds will take care of themselves.

To flatter a good man is needless : to flatter a bad one is meanness.

Riches and care are as inseparable as light and shade.

It is in every one's power to be rich, provided he will be content.

Save your breath to cool your broth, and let the ninth commandment be a constant companion at the tea-table.

Good sense, good manners and politeness, are necessary to social happiness.

Children do not like to go to bed, because they are afraid of being left in the dark. Some men are not willing to die, for the same reason.

The countenance is often more expressive than the tongue.

When a man is made a spiritual peer he loses his surname ; when a temporal one his christian name.



Five Things to keep.

1. The commandments.
2. Good company.
3. Your temper.
4. Your secrets. And
5. Your money.

The following S O N G is extracted
from the Anti-jacobin, or Weekly
Examiner :

SUNG IN THE
ROVERS, or DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY ROGERO.

1.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true,
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,
—niversity of Gottingen.

*[Weeps and pulls out a blue Kerchief, with
which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly
at it, he proceeds.]*

2.

Sweet kerchief check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in :
Alas ! Matilda then was true;
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,
—niversity of Gottingen.

*[At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks
his chains in cadence.]*

3.

Barbs, barbs, alas ! how swift you flew,
 Her neat post waggon trotting in,
 Ye bore Matilda from my view ;
 Forlorn, I languish'd at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

4.

This faded form, this pallid hue,
 This blood my veins are clotting in ;
 My years are many, they were few,
 When first I enter'd at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

5.

There first for thee my passion grew,
 Sweet, Sweet Matilda Pottingen ;
 Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
 —tor, *law-professor*, at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,
 —niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu !

That kings and priests are plotting in,
Here doom'd to starve on water-gru—

—el*, never shall I see the U—

—niversity of Gottingen,

—niversity of Gottingen.

* A manifest error, since it appears, from the waiter's conversation in the play, that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water gruel, but on pease soup, which, by the bye, is a much better dish to starve on.



A taylor having made a suit of clothes for a customer, on taking them home, was desired to return on such a day with his bill, and it should be paid: he accordingly attended at the time appointed, and received his money. The gentleman, thinking the charge of stay-tape, buckram, &c. &c. rather exorbitant, enquired if he could not make a suit of clothes without those articles? "Yes, Sir," (replied the taylor). "Then

take your time, and let me have another suit, and bring your bill with them." Some time after, the clothes were made and carried home, with the bill, according to the order: the gentleman, on looking over the charges, found the customary ones of buckram, stay-tape, &c. and told the taylor, he had understood him that he could make a suit of clothes without those articles. "Yes, Sir, (replied Snip) so I have; but I cannot make a bill without."



Anecdote of the celebrated Dr. Ferne.

Among the many brilliant flashes of wit attributed to this singular character, the following, perhaps, is one of the happiest strokes: The doctor happening to call a clergyman a fool, who was not totally undeserving of the title, but who resented the indignity so highly,

that he threatened to complain to his diocesan, the bishop of Ely. Do, says the doctor, *and he will confirm you.*



How inconsistent is Man !

I have known several persons greatly famed for wisdom, governed by foolish servants.

I have known many instances of men of great valour, being cowards to their wives.

I have known men of the greatest cunning, to be perpetually cheated.

I have known men who could exactly compute and settle the accounts of a kingdom, that were wholly ignorant of their own affairs.



The Nine Little Puppies.

A French doctor, who travelled the country, attended at a market-town in

M

Kent, regularly every Market-day for some time, till the following whimsical mistake took place, in consequence of his speaking bad broken English, which caused him to discontinue his visits: it was said that the doctor had performed some cures, where nature, perhaps, had been his principal assistant:

A poor woman having taken her child to him for his advice, he gave it in the following words: "My good a woman, dis pauvre letel a chil, is verra bad, you must a get *nine a letel a poppay* (meaning poppies), and boil a dem, and giv a dis pauvre chil, one spoon a full every night a morning."

The poor woman, from his manner of pronouncing, understood him *nine little puppies*, which she procured, boiled them as he ordered, and gave the *broth* to the child: next market-day the doctor attended as usual, when the infant was taken to him again by its mother,

whom he addressed as before : “ Well, my good a woman, how you do, your pauvre letel a chil ? ” “ Oh, Sir, she replied, he is not any better.” “ Well, my good a woman, I shall do him a good : you must get *nine a more letel a popay*, and boil a dem.” “ But, Sir, answered the woman, there are no more puppies in the town.” The doctor, who now began to apprehend the mistake, cried out, “ God dam : What a you say ? ” “ Sir, I say there are no more bitches have puppies.” “ What, le diable, you give your chil de dog ? ” and was so much ashamed of the mistake, that he did not visit that town again.



When the earl of Cloncartie was captain of a man of war, cruising off the coast of Guinea, he happened to lose his chaplain, who was carried off by

the yellow fever, upon which the lieutenant, who was a Scotchman, gave him notice of it, saying, at the same time, that he was sorry to inform him he died a Roman Catholic. "Well, so much the better, said his lordship." "Hoot awa, my lord, how can you say so of a British clergyman." "Why, says his lordship, because I believe I'm the first Captain of a man of war that could boast of a chaplain who had any religion at all."



A countryman, who had been some years married to rather a wanton wife, on going to bed one night hid herself under the clothes, and called out, "John, I'll lay you sixpence you can't find me?" John, who was more inclined to *sleep* than *toy*, answered her very dryly, I'll lay you sixpence I wont try.

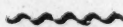
EPITAPH,

ON THE TOMB OF DR. FRANKLIN.

The late Dr. Franklin requested that the following Epitaph, which he composed for himself some years before his death, should be inscribed on his tombstone :

The body of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, PRINTER,
 (like the cover of an old book,
 its contents torn out,
 and stript of its lettering and gilding)
 lies here food for worms ;
 yet the work itself shall not be lost,
 but will (as he believed) appear
 once more in a new
 and more beautiful edition,
 corrected and amended
 by
 THE AUTHOR.

A chimney-sweeper having ran up against a soldier, was about to apologize, when the son of Mars told him "he was a black scoundrel, and ought to be kicked." "*Black*, replied soot-bag, pray what colour was you before you were boiled ?



A neat Play upon Words.

A gentleman named Homer, presiding one day over a convivial party of friends, was suddenly taken ill, and obliged to quit the company, which one of them observing, said, "Homer's *odd*, *I see*." To this another of them replied, "Homer's *ill*, *I add*."



A woman upbraided her husband with spending his time and money at the alehouse, while she was obliged to

stay at home, and had nothing but cold water to drink. “ You have no occasion to drink cold water, he replied, *you may warm it.*



There may be persons found, who will not credit the following account :

One day an over-drove ox from Smithfield, ran furiously down Cow-lane ; on his passage he killed a cobbler, swallowed an old woman's apple-stall, brushed down two houses with his tail, frightened a horse to death, and tossed an infant of *six feet high*, into a garret window, the child fortunately fell into a cradle, without receiving any injury, and was found fast asleep. After this the beast went plump into an eating-house, frightened the cook's brains into his breeches, ate up all the leg of beef, and then walked quietly home.



A noble lord having given a grand gala, his taylor made one among the company, whom his lordship walked up to, and accosted in the following manner: "My dear Sir, I recollect your face, but cannot remember your name:" to which address the taylor whispered in answer, *I made your breeches*: his lordship taking him by the hand, said aloud, "MAJOR BRIDGES, I am very glad to see you."



Carleton, in the county of Norfolk, was held by a pleasant tenure, that one hundred herrings, baked in twenty-four pies should be presented before the king, in what part of England soever he was, when they first came into season. This custom the author reports is still observed, and the herrings duly conveyed to the king by the lord of the manor.

One Mary Pritchard of Barnsley, who from the darkness of her complexion, was generally called Black Moll, was cross-examined by a counsellor on the northern circuit, in the following manner. Well, Mary, if I can credit what I hear, I may venture to address you by the name of Black Moll. "Faith may you, master lawyer, replied Mary, for I am always called so by the blackguards."

The following relation is of so uncommon a nature, that it can hardly be credited, though it comes to us in the garb of truth :

A German professor at Wittenburgh, has published an attested account of a gardener lately deceased, of the name of Jacob Kahiens, who not only consumed an immoderate quantity of all

kinds of food, but several other substances, such as walnut-shells, &c. When at gentlemen's houses, he would frequently eat pastry, with the vessels that contained it ; and would at other times swallow the glasses out of which he had drank ; his teeth were so strong and sharp, that he could split the thickest deals, with the greatest facility, and would often perform that service for the maids of the house. Rats, mice, moles, and live fowls, he looked upon as exquisite dainties ; and at one time, unthinkingly, he is said to have swallowed a pewter ink-stand, with the pens, sand, &c. this was verified upon the oath of an eye witness: at another time he devoured a pair of bagpipes, in the presence of several people, and turning upon the piper, the man was so terrified, that he jumped out of the window. These and other exploits of a similar cast, gave the common people

an idea that he was assisted by an evil spirit ; in consequence of which, the clergy of the place examined a number of witnesses, but as no conviction followed, he died peaceably, in the 79th year of his age.



On the circuit, at a country assize, a barrister examining a witness, who kept a public house adjoining the pound, addressed him as follows : “ Well, friend, you live by the pound, don’t you ? ” “ Yes, Sir.” “ And you sell ale by the pound, don’t you ? ” “ I do, and I do not, as you may say.” “ You do and you do not, says the barrister, how do you do ? ” “ Pretty well, I thank you, Sir, how do you do ? ” which answer of the ale-seller so embarrassed the barrister, that he sat down without further interrogating the witness.

A gentleman some years since being obliged to ask pardon of the House of Commons upon his knees, when he rose up, brushed the knees of his small-clothes, saying, *I never was in so dirty a house in my life.*

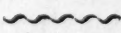


“My lord, said a sheriff once to judge Burnet, on the circuit, there is a white bear in our town, shall I have the honour to attend your lordship to see him?” “Why, replied the judge, I am afraid it cannot be, Mr. Sheriff, because the bear and myself both travel with trumpets, and it has never yet been settled which should pay the first visit.”



The same person, when only plain Tom Burnet, wrote a pamphlet, which did some execution against the minis-

try, and the bishop was complained to, who, sending for Tom, enquired what could induce him to do such a thing, saying at the same time, "I make you a very handsome allowance, therefore you could not write it for *bread*:" "No, Sir, said Tom, I write it for *wine*."



At Hamelon, on the river Weser, there is a tradition of a strange accident happening on the 26th of June, 1284, of a piper who undertook to rid them of rats, with which they were very much annoyed; which he did, it seems, by the power of his music: for at the sound of his tabret and pipe, all the rats followed him out of the town to the river, where they were drowned: when he had done his work he returned for his reward, which the townsmen refused him, pretending it was too much

for so little work, upon which he went away in a great rage. A year after he came again, and playing as before, all the children followed him into the mouth of a cave; on the top of a neighbouring hill, and neither children nor piper were ever after heard of. This story is related there with great confidence, and there is still to be seen near the place a monument of stone, with an inscription expressing the loss of 130 children, swallowed quick in that cave.



Betwixt Blackenburgh and Elbin-grade, is a remarkable cave, called Buman Hole, of which none can find the end, though many have travelled very far in it: large bones are frequently found therein; and a few years since, a skeleton of a man of prodigious bulk, was brought out among other rareties. There goes a story of a young man,

who, seeking after his cattle in the cave, lost his way, and wandered eight days together in it; at his return his hair was changed grey, and he told strange stories of apparitions he had met with, to the great astonishment of his audience.



At a late quarter session for Petworth, a man was convicted of stealing two turkeys belonging to the duke of Richmond, the witness, who was a servant, swore that he knew they were his master's property, because his Grace hatched them.



A woman, who had been a termagant wife for many years, on her death-bed informed her husband that she had something of a very interesting nature to communicate, which concerned him-

self alone ; upon his desiring to know what it was, why, my dear, said she, of all our seven children, only one of them is yours ; and pray, Which is that ? enquired the husband : I'll leave you to guess, my dear, replied his wife, and soon afterwards expired.



A lady, who was pregnant, passing through a town in France, while the guillotine was at work, the dreadful sight had such an effect, that at her delivery she was brought to bed of a child without a head, which, *as the story goes*, grew a fine boy, and lived many years.



The late facetious George Alexander Stevens, dined one day at an ordinary in the country, in company with a London traveller, this person, who had be-

fore seen Mr. Stevens, was desirous of shewing his wit and consequence, at the expence of that gentleman; he informed them that his father had been mayor of a corporation town, and whenever he was applied to for a licence to permit the players to perform, his father, *the mayor*, always told them, "They were a set of strollers and vagabonds, and that he would suffer no such dealings in *his* town." This rather irritated our friend George, who intreated the company would listen to an anecdote which occurred to him a short time since. Being at the window of an inn, says he, I observed a number of asses loaded with sand, but the last of this string of animals was *quite empty*; having no load whatever, I enquired of my landlord the meaning of this, when he informed me *that* was a London *idler*, travelling for orders. This little

anecdote fairly, and very properly turned the tables on our consequential gentleman.



Tit for Tat.

In a great flood, some years back, a farmer's wife was taken in labour; and, no person proper to assist her living nearer than seven miles, the good husband saddled his best horse, and rode with the utmost speed to the doctor, whom he entreated instantly to go to his wife.—The doctor, being a knowing one, said, “his usual fee was two guineas at such a distance, when there was no danger in going;—yet now, as I must go at the hazard of my life, I cannot think of going unless you will agree to give me ten guineas!” The farmer in vain remonstrated,—the doctor was inflexible.

The honest countryman's love for his

dear Joan rose above every other consideration ; and he engaged to raise the money. Through much difficulty they got to the farm-house ; and, in about an hour, the doctor presented the master with a fine boy, and demanded his exorbitant fee, which the farmer immediately gave him, and they each of them drank a glass of ale to the boy's future welfare. By this time the flood was greatly increased ; and real danger threatened the doctor in his return : on which (not being at all acquainted with the way) he entreated the farmer to lose no time in conducting him back. " My friend (said the farmer), you would not come to help my wife, who was in real distress, unless I promised to give you ten guineas, when only an imaginary danger was before you : but there is now a real hazard in my venturing to shew you the way back ;

therefore, unless you will give me nine guineas for my trouble in conducting you home, you may abide where you are, until the next dry season."—All replies were in vain; no art could make any impression on the countryman; the doctor was obliged to return nine guineas,—the farmer landed him safe among his gallipots,—and the honest man returned safe home to his wife.

F I N I S.

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